

CAMPBELL

Forward

The Detroit News

THE HOME NEWSPAPER

DETROIT 31, MICHIGAN

Delaney

October 10, 1946.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I have just had the privilege of standing by your husband's grave, and felt blessed in that peaceful place.

I was interested in the old oak, so lovingly braced, which stands on the pathway to the house. It seemed to me that the President must have loved that oak.

During his lifetime I wrote a poem called "The President is at the Helm," and your husband sent me his autographed picture, something that my family and I cherish more than any other possession. I thought you might be interested in the poem which I wrote for my Syndicate which I enclose about the old oak.

Sincerely yours,

June Campbell

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OAK AT HYDE PARK

By Anne Campbell

This oak tree years ago flung out wide arms
To welcome a small boy who loved to climb.
The very tiptop branch held secret charms
For one who sleeps now on the breast of time.
He loved the tree and reinforced its boughs
When it grew old and brittle. He could see
Its broad leaves wave to him from the big house
When he no longer swung high in the tree.

Sometimes on sunny days a little boy
Runs out upon the wide limb of the oak,
Swinging like a green leaf with all the joy
And wonder that glad childhood can invoke.
It does not seem that he is dead at all
Who dreamed such high dreams where these
branches fall.

Anne Campbell